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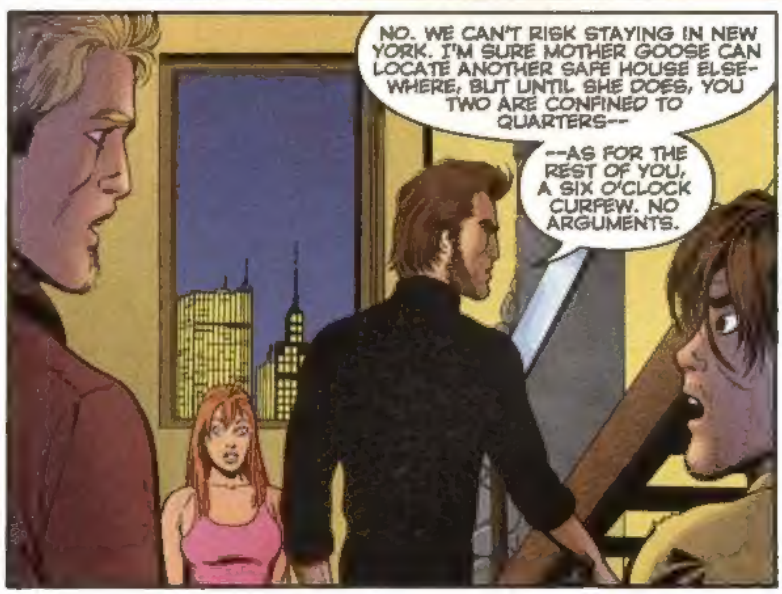
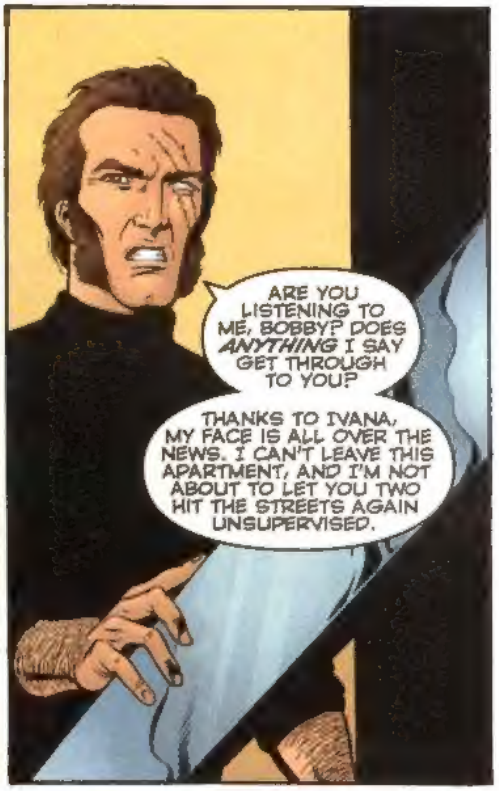
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO? DID YOU FALL ON YOUR HEADS? WERE YOU DRUNK? WHAT POSSIBLE EXCUSE CAN YOU HAVE FOR BEING SO STUPID!!
NOW THAT MANHATTAN POLICE HAVE YOUR PRINTS ON FILE--
ERRR, ACTUALLY, MR. LYNCH, WE GOT THAT COVERED.

SEE, I JUST BONDED WITH THIS RUBBER PATCH ON MY BELT, AND MY FINGERPRINTS GOT ALL SMOOSHY-LIKE.
SINCE MY HANDS WERE BURNED, THEY COULDN'T TAKE MINE AT ALL.
AND WITH THOSE FAKE I.D.'S YOU GAVE US, THE COPS STILL GOT NO IDEA WHO WE REALLY ARE.

WELL, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T DO TOO BADLY.
BUT THEY HAVE YOUR MUG SHOTS, AND I.O. CAN ACCESS POLICE FILES EASILY.


NO. WE CAN'T RISK STAYING IN NEW YORK. I'M SURE MOTHER GOOSE CAN LOCATE ANOTHER SAFE HOUSE ELSEWHERE, BUT UNTIL SHE DOES, YOU TWO ARE CONFINED TO QUARTERS--
--AS FOR THE REST OF YOU, A SIX O'CLOCK CURFEW. NO ARGUMENTS.

AWW, YOU'RE KIDDING ME! WE'RE GROUNDED?!
BUT DAD, WHAT ABOUT ME? MY GEN POWERS WERE ALL MESSED UP BY THAT WEIRD GUY WE TOLD YOU ABOUT.
SHOULDN'T WE GO FIND HIM?


ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME, BOBBY? DOES ANYTHING I SAY GET THROUGH TO YOU?
THANKS TO IVANA, MY FACE IS ALL OVER THE NEWS. I CAN'T LEAVE THIS APARTMENT, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET YOU TWO HIT THE STREETS AGAIN UNSUPERVISED.

I'LL HAVE DR. TSUNG TAKE A LOOK AT YOU. THAT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW.

LEAVE NEW YORK? WE CAN'T DO THAT. NOT YET.
WHY NOT? I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF THIS FILTHY, CROWDED, CESSPOOL. I HATE IT HERE.

Y'KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN SINGING THAT SAME SONG EVER SINCE WE GOT HERE, MS. MISERY.
AND IT'S GETTIN' REEEAL OLD.

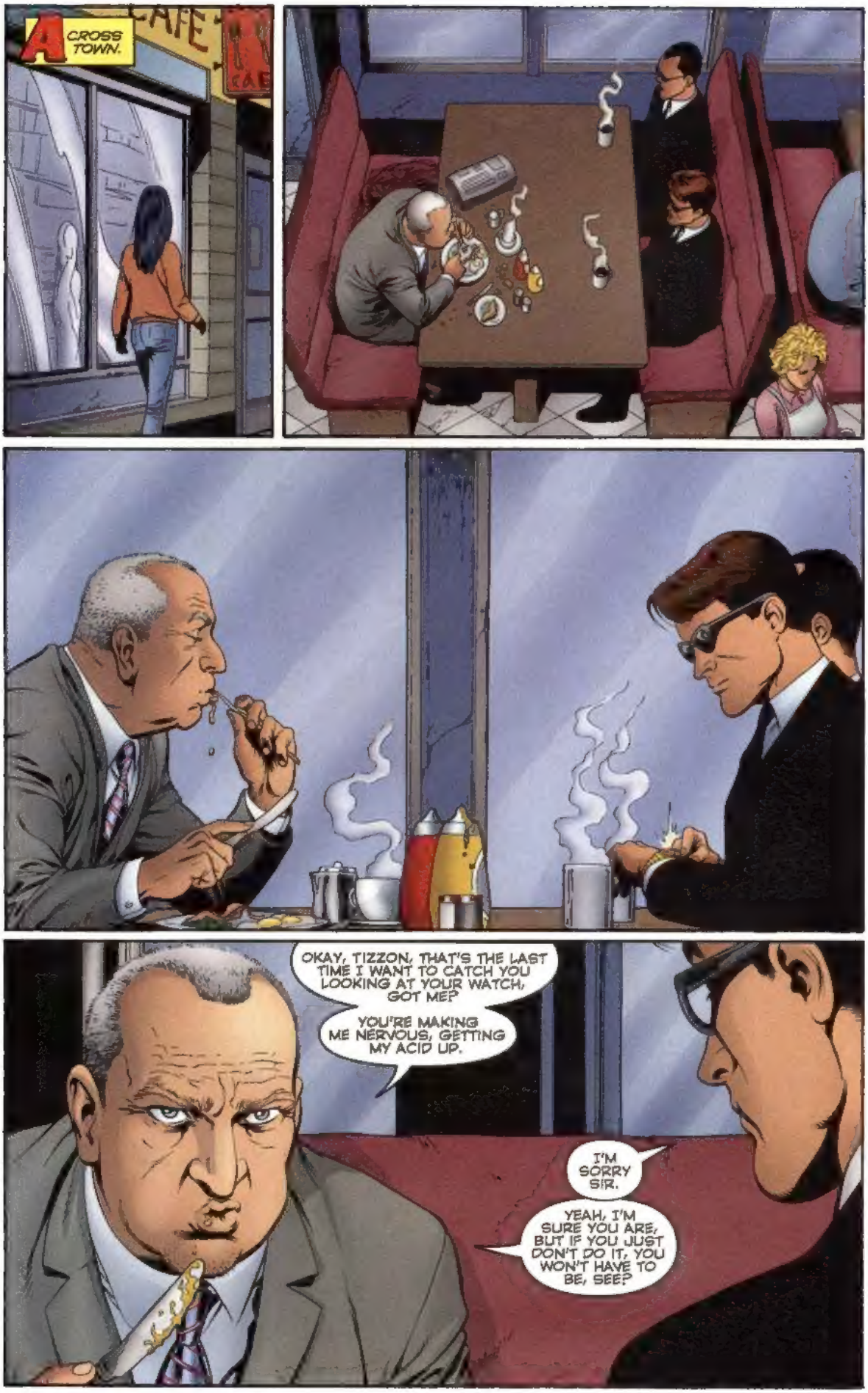
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BOBBY. HOW COULD YOU GET BURNED?
SOMETHING THAT OLD GUY DID. I CAN STILL GENERATE PLASMA, BUT MY IMMUNITY FROM IT IS GONE. IF I USE MY POWERS, I'LL KILL MYSELF.

WOW! I SURE HOPE DR. TSUNG CAN HELP.
AND WHAT IF HE CAN'T? WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO FIND THE MAN THAT DID THIS TO ME. HE'S OUR BEST BET.
I THINK YOUR FATHER KNOWS THAT, BOBBY.

BUT IF OUR LIVES REALLY ARE IN DANGER, RECOVERING YOUR POWERS CAN'T BE HIS FIRST PRIORITY.
WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TRUST HIM--
--FOR NOW.

ME, I'M NOT READY TO LEAVE NEW YORK. THANKS A LOT, GRUNGE.
BUT ROXY, IT WASN'T MY FAULT.
IT NEVER IS. LEMME SEE THAT FAKE I.D.
SWIPE

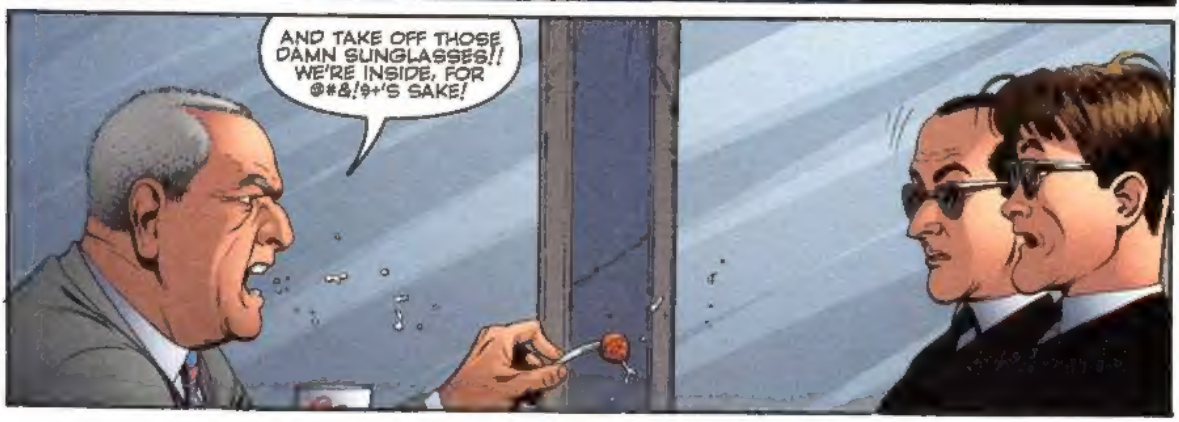
OH GOD. "CHOW YUN FAT?"
GROW UP!
HEH HEH.


ACROSS TOWN.
CAFE
OKAY, TIZZON, THAT'S THE LAST TIME I WANT TO CATCH YOU LOOKING AT YOUR WATCH, GOT ME?
YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS, GETTING MY ACID UP.
I'M SORRY SIR.
YEAH, I'M SURE YOU ARE, BUT IF YOU JUST DON'T DO IT, YOU WON'T HAVE TO BE, SEE?

YOU LOCAL BOYS ARE A LAUGH. A FEW HOURS OF WAITING AND YOU'RE ALL FIDGETY.
THAT KIND OF CRAP WON'T GET THE JOB DONE. NOT EVER.
YOU KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN TRAILING THIS MAN? FOUR MONTHS, ALL THE WAY FROM CALIFORNIA.

FOUR MONTHS!!
THAT ADDS UP TO MORE ULCERS THAN I'M GUESSING A DOPE LIKE YOU COULD COUNT.

SO THE LAST THING I NEED IN THIS WORLD IS *YOU* RUINING MY BREAKFAST BY *ACTING* LIKE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO.

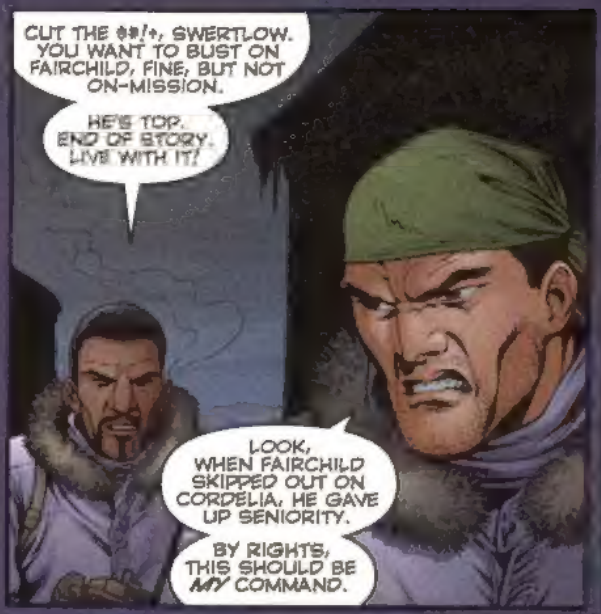

AND TAKE OFF THOSE DAMN SUNGLASSES!! WE'RE INSIDE, FOR @#&!%+'S SAKE!

AND ACROSS THE WORLD...
RATATATAT
BOOM
BOOM

MAN, BUT AIN'T THEY PUTTING UP A FIGHT?

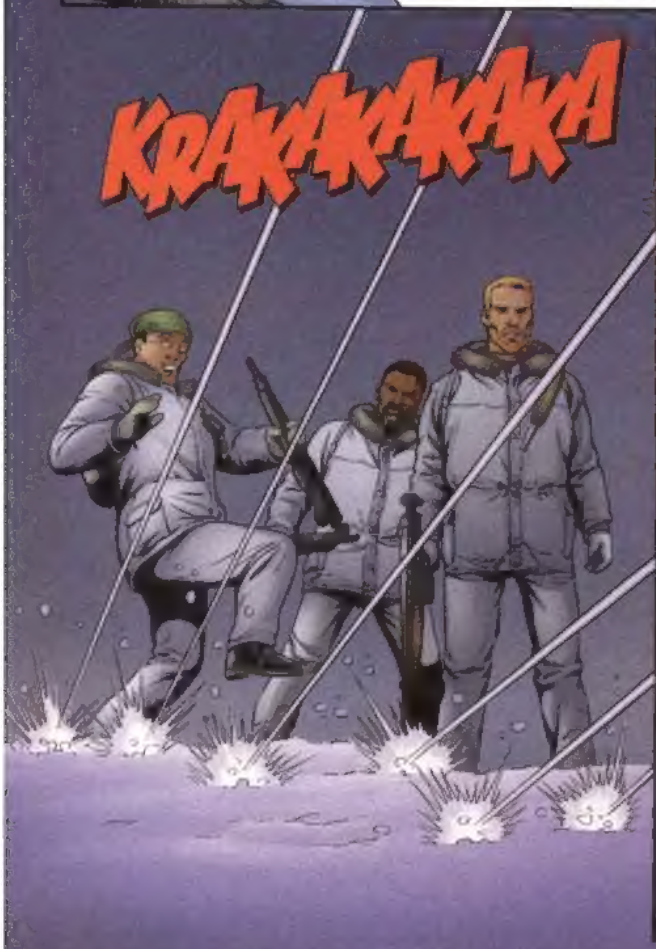
GUESS OUR INTEL'S RIGHT. OUR CARGO'S HOLED UP IN THE COURTHOUSE.
NO...NO. THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT US TO THINK.
UH OH. WHAT'S WRONG, CAP'N. YOUR BUNION ITCHING?

HANSEN, SWERTLOW, COME WITH ME.
THE REST OF YOU, LAY DOWN A SUPPRESSION FIRE.
YOU GOT IT, TOP. FOLLOW YOUR NOSE AND WE FOLLOW YOU.


CUT THE @#!+, SWERTLOW. YOU WANT TO BUST ON FAIRCHILD, FINE, BUT NOT ON-MISSION.
HE'S TOP. END OF STORY. LIVE WITH IT!
LOOK, WHEN FAIRCHILD SKIPPED OUT ON CORDELIA, HE GAVE UP SENIORITY.
BY RIGHTS, THIS SHOULD BE MY COMMAND.

AND THIS PSYCHIC STUFF, OR MAGIC, OR WHATEVER THE HELL? GIMME A BREAK!
WE KEEP LISTENING TO HOUDINI HERE. WE'RE GONNA GET ALL OUR ASSES BLOWN TO HELL.
THERE. THAT'S WHERE HE IS.

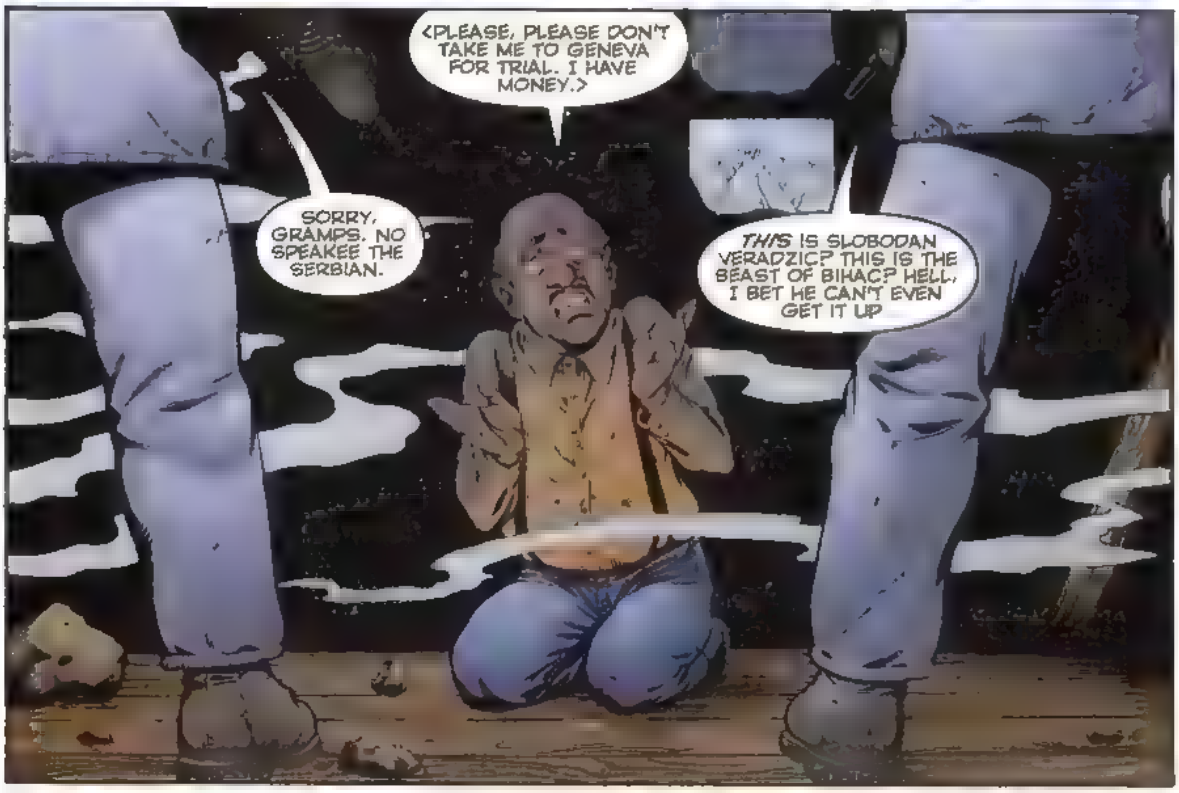
THAT PLACE?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! NO GUARDS, NO GROUND COVER. THEY'D HAVE TO BE NUTS--

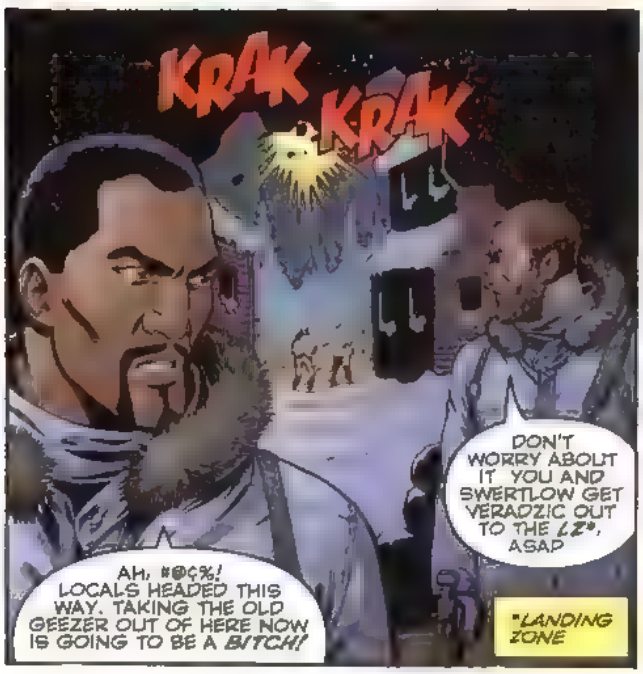

KRAKAKAKAKA

M-60. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM.
GET DOWN, FAIRCHILD!! YOU'LL GET HIT!!
NAW, NOT HIM, MAN. HE'S GOT THE FRIGGIN' "POWER," DON'T HE?

WELL, LET'S SEE HOW THAT VOODOO OF YOURS MATCHES UP TO A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FRAG GRENADE!
KRA-KOOM!!
LET'S GO-- LET'S GRAB OUR MAN...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIS VOODOO NOW?
AND YOU BETTER DUMP THAT EGG, 'FORE WE *GET ALL OUR ASSES BLOWN TO HELL.*


<PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME TO GENEVA FOR TRIAL. I HAVE MONEY.>
SORRY, GRAMPS. NO SPEAKEE THE SERBIAN.
THIS IS SLOBODAN VERADZIC? THIS IS THE BEAST OF BIHAC? HELL, I BET HE CAN'T EVEN GET IT UP


KRAK
KRAK
AH, #@¢%! LOCALS HEADED THIS WAY. TAKING THE OLD GEEZER OUT OF HERE NOW IS GOING TO BE A BITCH!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. YOU AND SWERTLOW GET VERADZIC OUT TO THE LZ*, ASAP
*LANDING ZONE

I'LL DEAL WITH THE NATIVES

OH NO! IT'S ALMOST SIX!
WHAT EVER MADE ME THINK I COULD GET TO THE STORE AND BACK IN UNDER AN HOUR?

CRUNCH!
OOF!

DAMMIT! NOW I'LL NEVER MAKE CURFEW!
HERE, LET ME HELP

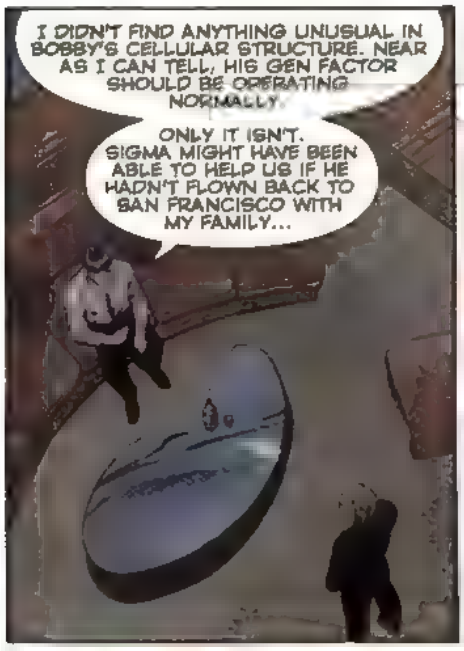
AFTER ALL, IT WAS MY FAULT
UH, NO, NO, IT'S ALL RIGHT. I SHOULD'VE BEEN LOOKING WHERE I WAS GOING.
I REALLY, *REALLY* SHOULD'VE BEEN LOOKING.

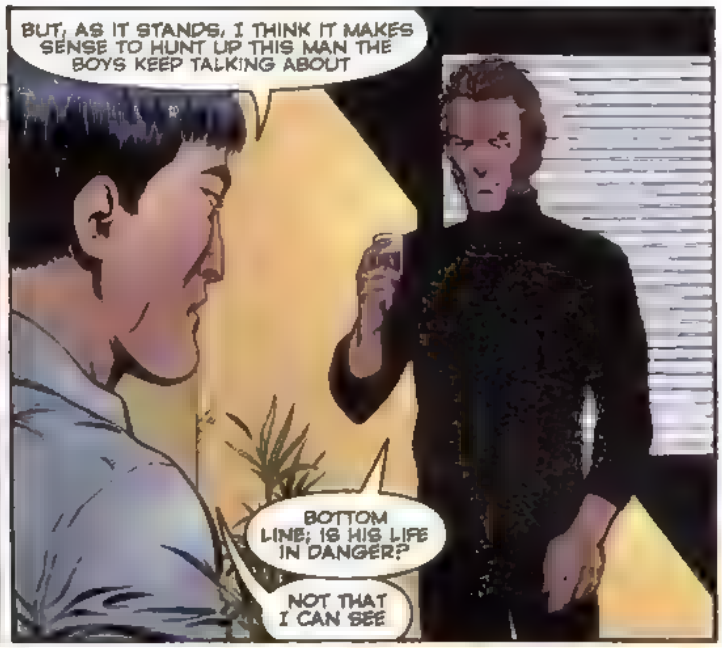
SOON
YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE IT FROM HERE?
SURE. THANKS FOR WALKING ME HOME. IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU, UH--
TERESE, AND I ONLY LIVE A FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM HERE, SARAH.

SO MAYBE WE CAN RUN INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN... REAL SOON.

'BOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK. YOU BLEW CURFEW BY HALF AN HOUR, YOU KNOW.
LUCKY FOR YOU MR L AND DR. T ARE UPSTAIRS WITH BOBBY
WHY SO LATE, GIRL? HAVING TROUBLE WADING THROUGH THIS "FILTHY, CROWDED, CESS-POOL" OF A CITY?

OH, COME ON, ROXY. NEW YORK'S NOT SO BAD.

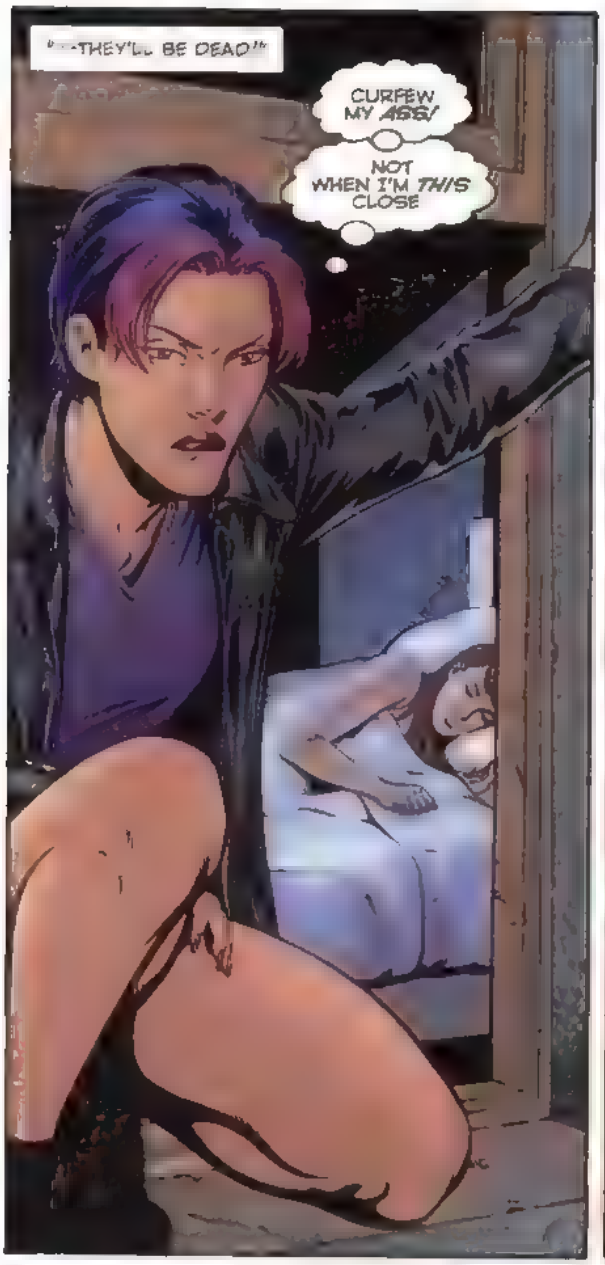

I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING UNUSUAL IN BOBBY'S CELLULAR STRUCTURE. NEAR AS I CAN TELL, HIS GEN FACTOR SHOULD BE OPERATING NORMALLY.
ONLY IT ISN'T. SIGMA MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP US IF HE HADN'T FLOWN BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH MY FAMILY...

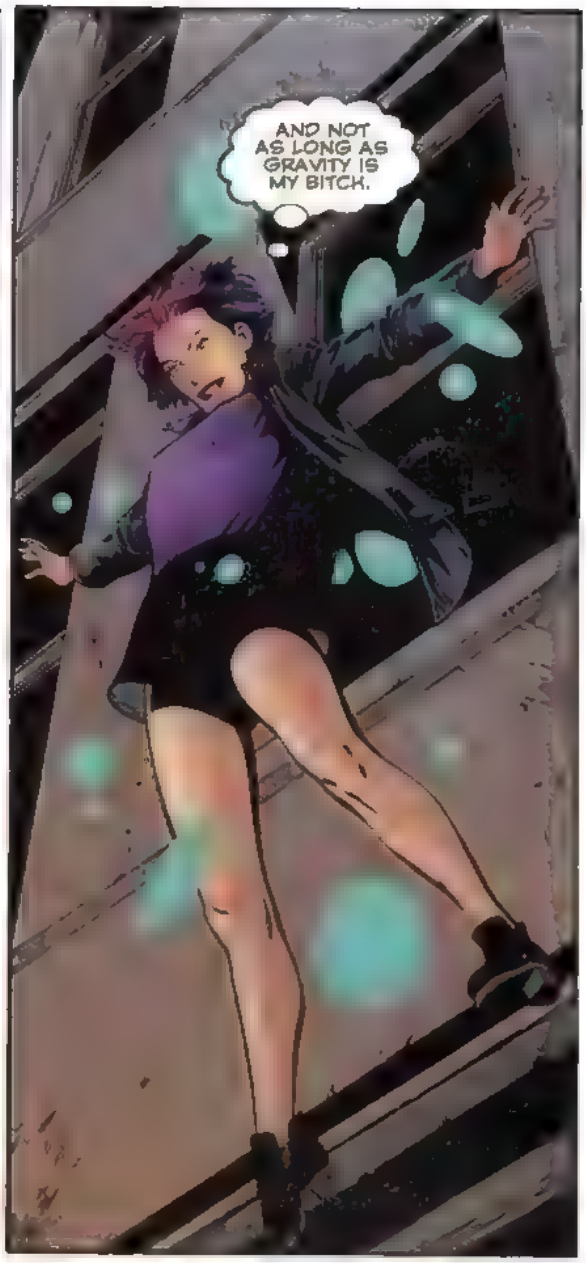

BUT, AS IT STANDS, I THINK IT MAKES SENSE TO HUNT UP THIS MAN THE BOYS KEEP TALKING ABOUT
BOTTOM LINE; IS HIS LIFE IN DANGER?
NOT THAT I CAN SEE

THEN A STREET SEARCH IS OUT. END OF DISCUSSION. IVANA'S PAINTED A TARGET ON MY BACK WITH THIS WHOLE "PUBLIC ENEMY #1" BULL.
WHY, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN AROUND TO GO DOWNTOWN AND POST BAIL, BOBBY AND GRUNGE WOULD STILL BE LOCKED UP
LORD, WHAT MADE THOSE TWO SO FOOLISH?

TO BE FAIR, JOHN, THEY'RE JUST KIDS. COOPED UP, RESTLESS, KIDS.
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BE PERFECT LITTLE SOLDIERS ALL THE TIME

WELL THAT BETTER CHANGE, AND SOON!
I'M FIGHTING A WAR HERE, TSUNG, WITH A BIG BATTLE ON THE HORIZON THE BIGGEST! AND IF THOSE KIDS CAN'T BE PERFECT--

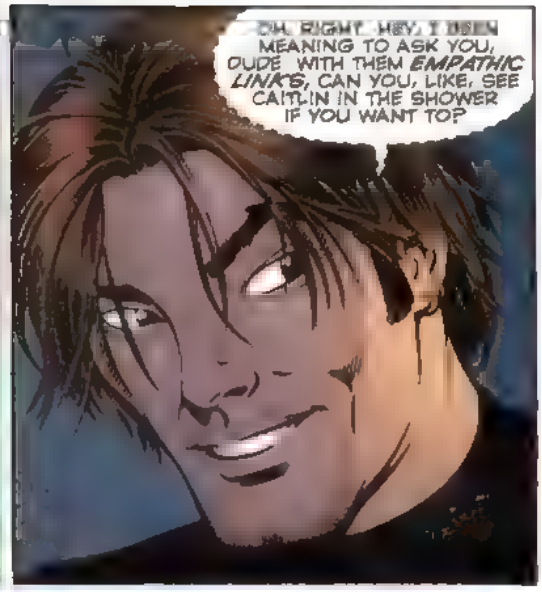

"--THEY'LL BE DEAD!"
CURFEW MY ASS!
NOT WHEN I'M THIS CLOSE

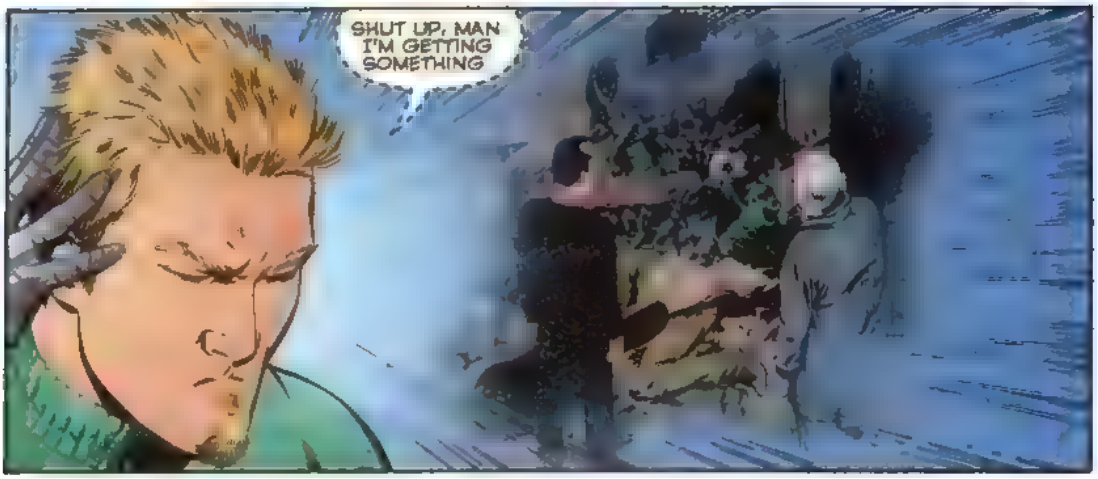

AND NOT AS LONG AS GRAVITY IS MY BITCH.

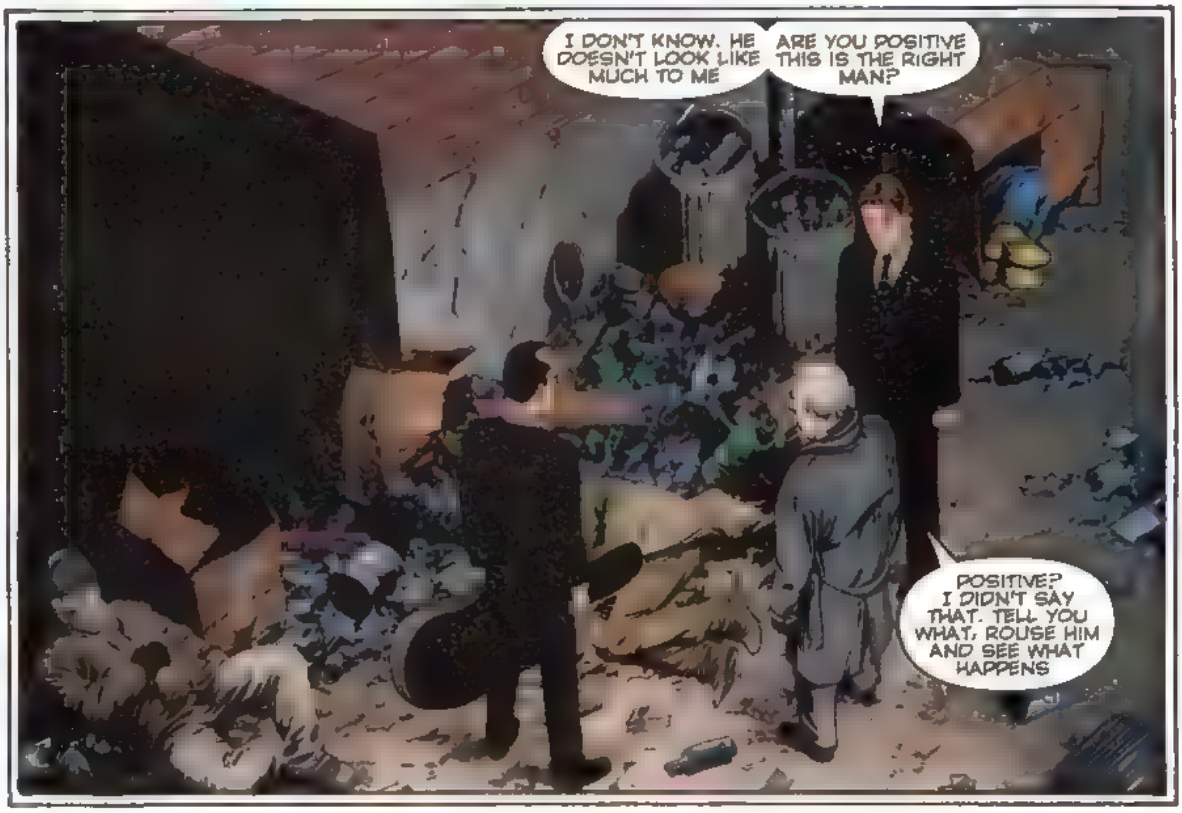
NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND 123rd STREET AND AMSTERDAM--
--AND GET BACK BEFORE ANYBODY MISSES ME

HEY, WHERE'S ROX GOIN'? MAYBE WE SHOULD FOLLOW HER
JUST RAN OUT OF CIGARETTES. NOW ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME, OR WHAT?

OKAY, OKAY. SO, YOU THINK YOU CAN REALLY FIND THIS GUY?
DON'T KNOW I'VE MANAGED TO MAKE EMPATHIC LINKS WITH SARAH AND CAITLIN, SO I'M HOPING I CAN DO IT WITH OTHER GEN ACTIVES TOO, LIKE OUR HOMELESS FRIEND

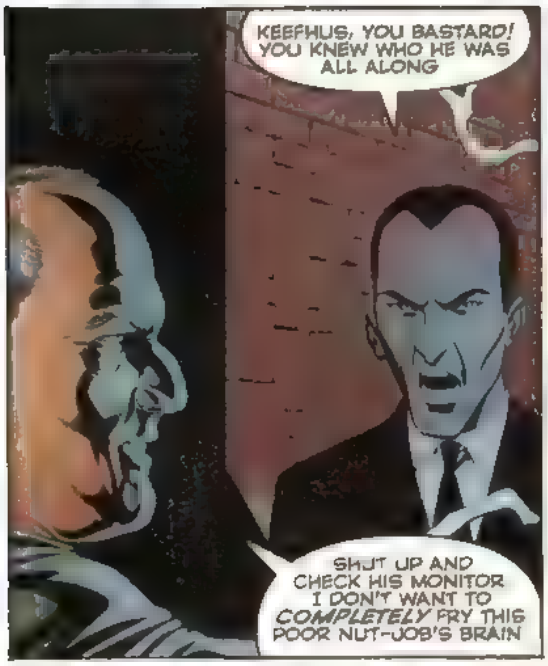

OH, RIGHT. HEY, I DIDN'T MEANING TO ASK YOU, DUDE WITH THEM *EMPATHIC LINKS*, CAN YOU, LIKE, SEE CAITLIN IN THE SHOWER IF YOU WANT TO?


SHUT UP, MAN I'M GETTING SOMETHING

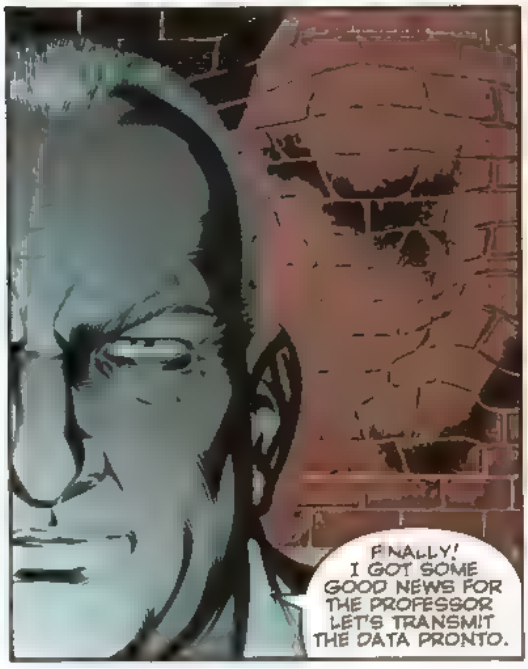

I DON'T KNOW. HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME
ARE YOU POSITIVE THIS IS THE RIGHT MAN?
POSITIVE? I DIDN'T SAY THAT. TELL YOU WHAT, ROUSE HIM AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS

HEY. HEY, PAL. UP AND AT 'EM.
MMM. NOT MUCH LIFE IN HIM. THINK WE GOT A DUD?
UHNF!
HE HEEEEEEE. THAT'S OUR BOY, AND I'M NOT GUESSING
THAT'S OUR ISAIAH.

ZZZZZZZT


KEEFHUS, YOU BASTARD! YOU KNEW WHO HE WAS ALL ALONG
SHUT UP AND CHECK HIS MONITOR I DON'T WANT TO *COMPLETELY* FRY THIS POOR NUT-JOB'S BRAIN

WELL, THE MONITOR SHOWS TWO POWER SIGNATURES ISAIAH'S COME INTO CONTACT WITH TWO GEN ACTIVES, BOTH IN THE LAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS


FINALLY! I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR THE PROFESSOR LET'S TRANSMIT THE DATA PRONTO.

WHAT ARE YOU, SIX YEARS OLD? GO AHEAD. TRANSMIT AWAY.
AND I'LL TELL THE PROFESSOR YOU DIDN'T FINISH YOUR SPINACH. KEE-RIST!
FINE. AND I'LL TRANSMIT MY REPORT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED HERE BETWEEN YOU AND TIZZON AS WELL

SEE, THIS I DON'T GET
WHOM
WHY TWO "FUNNY" GUYS LIKE YOU AIN'T ON TV.
YO, POPS. YOU BREATHIN'?
UP

S'OKAY, BOBBY. ALL THREE STOOGES ARE TOTALLY CONCUSSED.
DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA GET TOO MUCH HELP FROM ISAIAH, THOUGH.

WOW. YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S *OUT* OF IT! WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL HIM?
ISAIAH. I THINK THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID. MUST BE HIS NAME.
SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE WORKING FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, A GUY CALLED THE "PROFESSOR". GUESS WE AIN'T THE ONLY ONES LOOKING FOR THIS OLD DUDE.

MR. ISAIAH? DO YOU REMEMBER ME? CAN YOU EVEN HEAR ME?
GRUNGE, HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION. LET'S TAKE HIM BACK TO DR. TSUNG
WHOA THERE, BOBSTER. THE PLAN WAS FIND THE GUY THAT MESSED UP YOUR GEN POWERS AND SEE IF HE COULD UN-MESS 'EM UP. THAT'S IT.
LYNCH IS ALREADY ON OUR BUTTS. WE COME HOME WITH ISAIAH HERE, HE'LL HAVE OUR HEADS.

NOT IF WE GET THEM FIRST, BUCKY!

ISN'T THIS PERFECT? ONE YOUNG GEN-ACTIVE, MAYBE TWO.
NOW I KNOW WHAT A BONUS CHECK SMELLS LIKE.

STAY-- STAY BACK. JEEZ. BODY'S ALL NUMB.
I'I HADN'T ABSORBED THAT WALL...
WITH MY POWERS GONE, WE'RE OUT-CLASSED! WE HAVE TO *JET*, GRUNGE!

GEE, D'YA THINK?
FIRST, GOTTA STOP THESE GUYS. BOND WITH THE SIDEWALK, MAKE IT PART'A ME--

COOL TRICK! LET'S FLY, BEFORE THEY GET ANOTHER CHANCE.

DON'T WORRY, MR. ISAIAH. YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU BE ALL NICE AND SWEET TO THE FREAK WHO WAS TRYING TO KILL US YESTERDAY--

--WHILE I TRY TO FIGURE OUT EXACTLY WHAT THE HELL WE JUST GOT OURSELVES MIXED UP IN!

WHAT A DUMP!
I MEAN, I WASN'T EXPECTING THE RITZ-CARLTON, BUT THE STREET DOOR DOESN'T EVEN LOCK.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
THEN AGAIN, IF IT WAS LOCKED, I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO COME THIS FAR.
BUT, NOW THAT I'M HERE--
HUH? GIRLIE, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
KNOCKING ON PEOPLE'S DOORS THIS TIME OF NIGHT. IT'S ALMOST ONE--

ROXY...?

OH, ROXY!
MOMMA.